

pointing straight up. It was no by-talk nor incidental song, but manifestly an earnest and purposeful call song. The song is a double phrased one, the first part slightly longer and a little less rapidly uttered, the second part quickly and more vigorously uttered. I have written it thus: *ter ter ter tee; tswee te chu*. The first three syllables have the *r* trilled slightly and the syllables on the same key, the fourth one about a sixth higher pitched; the first syllable of the second phrase is a third higher than the first three, the second syllable of the second phrase a note above the preceding one and much shorter, while the last syllable is on the same pitch as the first three, sliding a third or more below; it is therefore somewhat prolonged.

- - - - - It is difficult to represent the song by characters - - - - - but the scheme given may prove suggestive to some.

There are two distinct field characters which appear to me most strongly, which I venture to give. First, because first seen usually, the yellow underparts, from the chin to the tail, without any markings on them except along the sides at the edge of the wings; second, the middle of the bluish gray back with distinct black streaks—four in this specimen. This back pattern is so unusual that to me it was the most striking character. The bird was not at all wary or timid, but allowed an approach within ten feet on both mornings, but in rather heavy foliage.

I claim two records for this rare Warbler, with a probable third. But since the bird captured was in the same orchard as the first one seen, and but two days later, the first and the third may be the same individual. Clearly the one heard singing in the woods could not have gone to the orchard while we were returning, more especially since the natural route of the woods bird would have been at right angles to the direction of this orchard.

LYNDS JONES, Oberlin, Ohio.

A DAY IN RUBIO CANYON, CALIFORNIA.

The day dawned brightly as California days are wont to. I had dreamed the night before of "takes" and "finds," and

that day in "Rubio" was a realization. And now as I look back at it in the dizzy retrospect of years it seems like a beautiful dream. Starting from home "Lomita," in the Calmenga Valley near Los Angeles, I met my friend, a true old nobleman of Nature, clad in his rustic garb and carrying a time-worn market basket. But beneath his rough clothes, donned purposely for the trip, there was one of the keenest and best ornithologists of the west. We took the train, and as we passed the country lying from Los Angeles to Pasadena, the scenery was grand. Lemon orchards, palms, little farms here and there as neatly kept as a front yard of a city dwelling, came and went away before the eyes as we peered out of the car windows.

The City of Los Angeles is truly a city of angels to me. And I believe if an angel would drop down from heaven and view around, he would soon soar to that dainty little city cutely ensconced amid a range of the Sierra Madre in southern California, and say, throwing down his mantle and lowering his wings, "I'm back in heaven. I am back in the City of Angels."

We soon reached our getting-off-place and soon started over the rough country of the foothills. Bebies of Valley Quail greeted us along the pathway. A flock of downy young come skampering down the path but a glimpse of us was enough and sent them scurrying away in the high grass nearby. Anna's and Black-chinned Hummers were common, and as we proceeded up the canon, along a little stream, we found many of their nests with eggs. Phainopeplas and Black-tailed Gnatcatchers were common now, and as I passed a little stream I saw for the first time in life a Pileolated Warbler drop down from its green bower, and pausing, drink from the pebbly shallows of the little stream. We found a Black-tailed Gnatcatcher's nest and one of the Western Flycatcher. The former was in a live up-right, far up; the latter amid ferns and other growth beneath the overhanging face of a bank near the stream. Louisiana Tanagers, Black-headed Grosbeaks, Black Phœbes, several kinds of Warblers and California Thrashers were common. I found a beautiful set of the Desert Sparrow Hawk in a cavity of a live oak. It comprised five eggs, the most beautiful I ever saw for this species; I got nearly eaten up by ants

while up after this set. Mosquitoes are not in it when ants are in comparison.

While we were eating lunch a California Condor soared high up above the canon and gave me my first sight of this bird in life. I don't know, in view of circumstances which seem to condemn it to extinction, that I shall ever see it again.

We ascended the canon to its end and spent one of the happiest days of my life in Rubio. The gentle climate and new surroundings were exhilarating and it causes me a refreshing thought whenever I recall that day with M. in Rubio.

JOHN W. DANIEL, JR., *Lynchburg, Va.*

FIVE ACRES OF BIRDLAND.

We had scarcely set foot within the five acre enclosure of the Ahtanum parsonage before I recognized its possibilities as a haunt for birds and determined to register them in the order of their appearance. The parsonage demesne is pleasantly diversified by the presence of a winding stream and plentiful shade. In fact, this five acre plot contains a little bit of every thing. In it are to be found a wheat field, a lowland meadow of wild grass, two alfalfa meadows, an upland pasture with salt grass, rye grass, and sage, a tule' swamp, a rose brush thicket, abundant willows skirting the stream, a fine lawn sprinkled with box elders, maples and young elms, an orchard of thirty trees or so, and a garden. Besides these there are weedy tangles and brush heaps, such as birds delight in; overgrown fence corners galore; and best of all, "The Island," a low lying coppice which the creek almost surrounds and above which towers a numerous company of young balm trees.

On the first of June I set out to see how many birds would visit the enclosure within the year, or a given time. In pursuance of this plan the following rulings were established: On my fence is in my yard, and, Over my yard is in my yard. If the desideratum were very near and apparently in need of encouragement I did not scruple to assist nature by making a retreat into the parsonage lot seem more desirable than my approaching presence; but further than that I did not pass the